

So Much Velvet

—
Franklin
P. Adams



4/5

no
(

SO MUCH VELVET

BOOKS BY
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

AMONG US MORTALS
BY AND LARGE
IN OTHER WORDS
OVERSET
SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN
SO MUCH VELVET
SO THERE!
TOBOGGANING ON PARNASSUS
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

So Much Velvet

By
Franklin P. Adams



Garden City New York
Doubleday, Page & Company
1925

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES
AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

TO
EDNA FERBER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Apologia Pro Suis Verbis	I
Lines in Time of Hesitation	2
The Conservative Reader	4
A Ballade of Mr. Samuel Pepys	6
Propertius's Happy Moments	8
To a Scornful Poet	10
Propertius Says It Again	12
The Clear Eyed Bard.	14
Simplicity	16
Horace's The Art of Poetry	17
The Clear Conscience.	20
February 14, 22 B. C.	22
"Carpe Diem"	25
The Slump in Sybaris	26
An Orison to Venus	28
On Fruitless Yearning	29
The Shirking Poet	30
A Prohibition Ode	31
"Persicos Odi"	33
Quartette	34

	PAGE
"Shall She Invite Him?"	36
The Reactionary Poet Looks at Literature	38
Goody! Goody!	41
Was This the Face that Loved a Thousand Things?	42
A Psalm of Freudian Life	43
Roundel	45
A Tennis Player's Garden of Verses	46
A Plea for Distinctiveness	48
Revised	49
A Wish	50
To a Dream Girl	51
Sally	52
A Quitclaim Deed	53
A Ballade of Indifference	55
Radio and Poetry	57
Envy: To Any Lady About to Go South This Winter	60
The Color Blind Poet to His Love	62
On Voting	63
Thoughts in Hot Weather	64
To Katherine Cornell	66
"Such Stuff as Dreams"	67
The Critic's Resolution	69
The True-Love	71
Rarae Aves	72

CONTENTS

ix
PAGE

The Pessimist's Forecast	73
Yankee Bards and British Reviewers	74
The Strawless Brick	76
About This Time of Year	79
The Irish Question	80
At the Circus	81
The Italics Are Milton's	82
Prodigality	84
A Riverside Drive Chantey	85
The Main Street Mind	86
Just Before the Battle	87
" . . . to Heal the Blows of Sound"	89
Ballade of the Power of the Press	90
Ballade of an Often Heard Query	92
With a Copy of Calverley	94
The Lonesome October	96
On Frustration	97
A Baffled Emulator	98
The Complete Poet and Letter Writer	100
Bricks and Straw	101
December	103
After Reading "The Waste Land"	105
"Knowledge Is Power"	107
How to Begin	114
"Service"	116
Valentines	117

	PAGE
"Smile, Slumber"	118
If the Copyreader Had His Way	120
To the Yearners	121
Insincere Yearnings	122
If They Had Written It	124
If—	126
Mr. Irving Berlin Rewrites "Paradise Lost"	128
"The Sidewalks of New York"	130
"The Blue and the Gray"	131
Lullaby	132
If Such There Be, Go Mark It Well	133
"Tact in Entertaining"	134
The Not Impossible She	138
To the Ladies	140
The Advertiser's Love Anthology	141
Listen, Kid	142
A Ballade of Farewell	143

SO MUCH VELVET

SO MUCH VELVET

Apologia Pro Suis Verbis

The songs I have to sing you
Might bear a lovelier tune;
The verbal rose I bring you
Might breathe a nearer June.

The verses that I make you
Might move in loftier rhyme;
The thrill of them might shake you
From now to the end of Time.

The fruits of mine endeavor
Might fall from a fairer bough—
All these might be. However,
I'm darned if I know how.

Lines in Time of Hesitation

When all my searching fails to find
A balance in my mental bank,
Or when, to coin a phrase, my mind
Is blank;

I hesitate to put in print
The state of the poetic purse,
As hodiernal poets hint
In verse.

And when the thought seems weak and slight,
I hesitate to seek renown
By voicing it. I hate to write
It down.

I hesitate to write as do
These bards that have nor aim nor goal,
To bare exultingly my pseu-
Do soul.

LINES IN TIME OF HESITATION

I hate the candid bards who tell
Details of all the dull affairs
Of dailiness. What of it? Well,
Who cares?

I hate the bards whose metric prose
Tells me the things I know are true;
They feel, they say. *I* say: Suppose
They do?

What of it? Often, I recall,
These were the words that I would shout:
"I do not get it. What's it all
About?"

Contempt I have, and Scorn is mine;
Ay, Hate herself possesses me
At each unworthy verse and line
I see.

The bard that all too often sings
Without his notes, and every day,
Would better wait till he has things
To say.

I hesitate to print the rhymes
That show my thoughts are thin and few,
If any . . . But . . . how many times
I do!

The Conservative Reader

In days of old when rhymes were bold,
And ballads held their sway,
The poems would swing like anything,
And songs were brave and gay.

In olden times when verse had rhymes,
And poetry had fetters,
Those were the days of roundelays
And bards in love with letters.

I see no longer simple song,
And lyric limitation.
“Damn everything,” the moderns sing,
“Including punctuation.”

“Let freedom ring!” the moderns sing.
“Our verse is free and winging!”
It fails to fly, and rarely I
Detect the sound of singing.

THE CONSERVATIVE READER

I don't object to intellect,
 (I love the ninth dimension),
But as a rule the modern school
 Is past my comprehension.

I like to read the rhymes unfreed!
 I crave 'em, I demand 'em.
Till death I'll fight for those who write
 So I can understand 'em.

A Ballade of Mr. Samuel Pepys

"Up, to the office, and there till four;
"Up, to the office, and to the play."
Thus Mr. Pepys in the years of yore.
This is the sum of his earthly day.
Early he rose, or long he lay;
Donned his stockings and ate his bread,
Went to court in a splendid shay. . . .
"Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

"Saw the ships as they left the shore";
"Met with Nelly . . . my wife distraight";
"Kissed Mrs. Knipp . . . but I vowed no
more."
This is the sum of his earthly day.
"So to church for an hour, to pray;
So to a barber's, who trimmed my head.
Met with Mercer, who said me nay.
Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

A BALLADE OF MR. SAMUEL PEPYS

“Donned my surtout I had never wore;
So to the office, accounts to pay.
Met with Nell, which I do deplore.”
This is the sum of his earthly day.
“So to the playhouse, and thence away
Home, and a volume of Potter’s read.
Played my flute, and was merry and gay. . . .
Up, to the office . . . and so to bed.”

L’ENVOI

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—
This is the sum of his earthly day.
And, when the whole of it’s done and said,
“Up, to the office . . . and so to bed.”

Propertius's Happy Moment

Elegy VII (2)

"Hic erat; hic iurata manet: rumpantur iniqui—"

She didn't go! She didn't go! She never went!
She's here!

Deaf to the ceaseless clamor of his wooing was her ear.
With envy burst, mine enemies! With jealousy be
green!

No more my Cynthia seeks the strange or craves the
alien scene.

She loves me, and because of me is Rome her favorite
town.

"For you," she cries, "and you alone I'd turn a
kingdom down."

She chooses rather mine embrace, in a narrow bed
and coarse,

Than Hippodamia's wealth, or that which Elis won
by horse.

PROPERTIUS'S HAPPY MOMENT

Great though his gifts and greater still the promises
 he made,
To him the wandering thoughts of her from me have
 never strayed;
And not by gold nor India's pearls was I a suitor
 strong,
But by the magic of my lute, the suppliance of my
 song.

What mighty maids the Muses are! How helpful is
 Apollo
To lovers! Trusting in their aid, my Cynthia sweet
 I follow.
I set my jubilant feet to-night on the loftiest stars
 that shine;
Let this day's glory crown my head when it is
 white. . . . She's *mine*!

To a Scornful Poet

Propertius: Book I, Elegy 7

*"Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae,
Armaque fratenae tristia militiae"*

While you devote your lyric life
To Theban songs of martial strife,
And—if I'm false may Heaven frown!—
Rival great Homer for his crown,
I still, as is my wont, rehearse
My loves in soft and tender verse.
Sorrow I serve rather than Art—
A bard less of the mind than heart.

In such a way my life is spent;
This is my marble monument;
This is my sole and single claim
To what resembles lyric fame.
Let laurel on my brow be laid
For that I pleased a knowing maid,
And suffered frequently the thrust
Of threatenings bitter and unjust.

TO A SCORNFUL POET

Let future lovers read my song
And learn how Love has used me wrong;
And if the bow-and-arrow kid
Should strike you—which the gods forbid!
Then shall you give the wars a shove
And yearn—in vain—to sing of Love.
When Love arrives too late the lute
To your too tardy song is mute.

Then shall you know my songs had fire
And say I strummed a wicked lyre;
And you will rank me far above
The bards who failed to sing of Love.
And youths to see my grave will go
And cry, "Great bard, dost lie so low?"
Beware, then, how you spurn my stuff:
Love coming late will treat you rough.

Propertius Says It Again

Book I, Elegy 14

"Tu licet abiectus, Tiberina milliter unda"

Though by the Tiber you recline,
Drinking the best of Lesbian wine
From Mentor's hand-chased silver glasses,
And watch each barge and boat that passes;
And gaze at trees as vast and green
As Caucasus has ever seen—
Yet all your wealth is not above
The height of mine incessant love.

For if with me my Cynthia stay
The night, or love the day away,
Pactolus waves beneath me roar,
And mine are pearls from India's shore.
No king—may it be so till I die!—
Was ever richer than am I.
For what avails the wealth of Ind
If Love be froward and unkind?

PROPERTIUS SAYS IT AGAIN

No riches mine if Venus frown,
For she can lay the mightiest down.
She makes her entrance, Tullus, where
Arabian luxuries spread the snare;
And though your couch be Tyrian-dyed,
Yet may you toss from side to side;
And though your wear be silk and bright;
She keeps you wakeful through the night.

I scorn the rich Alcinous;
For kings I care no tinker's cuss.
As long as—as I said above—
I'm strong with Venus, Queen of Love.

The Clear Eyed Bard

Propertius: Book III, Elegy 24

"Falsa est ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae—"

False, woman, is the faith you place
Upon the fairness of your face.
The biased judgment of mine eyes
Has made you proud and far from wise.
It shames me now that songs of praise
Came from me in the olden days.
I sang your varied charms a lot
And called you things that you were not.
"The morning star," I sang, "you seem!"
The shine was only facial cream.
My father's friends said I was wrong
To celebrate you in my song,
But they, nor the Thessalian witch,
Could cure me of my lover's itch—
As I admitted truthfully
Wrecked on a sad and troublous sea.
For when by Venus I was caught,
She bound my hands behind me taut.

THE CLEAR EYED BARD

But lo! my ships have found the bay;
Mine anchor's cast; I shout "Hooray!"
My sense my folly has revealed;
My wounds are well, my scars are healed.
Since Jove was deaf, and never heard
Me penitent as one who erred,
I dedicate myself to thee,
Good Sense, if goddess such there be!

Simplicity

Horace: Book I, Ode 38

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus—"

Lad, for overfancy clothing
I have but a healthy loathing
Nor can I see any reason
In the rose that's out of season.

I am one who deems it silly
To attempt to paint the lily;
Myrtle underneath the vine,
And some elderberry wine!

Horace's The Art of Poetry

(1-32)

Now if a painter to his art were wed,
Would he a horse's neck, a fish's tail,
Join with the drawing of a human head,
And then expect the painting not to fail?
Would you, my friends, restrain your loud derision
If you were asked to look on such a vision?

Believe me, Pisos, many a book and song
Are fashioned on such helter-skelter themes—
Formless and vain and mixed together wrong,
Jumbled and hazy as a sick man's dreams.
“But poetry and arts pertaining thereto,”
You say, “should take what liberty they dare to.”

That I concede, but let me have a word:
License I give, and liberty I take.
But wild and tame will not unite; the bird,
I hold, cannot be coupled with the snake.
And I am one who always will disparage
In life and letters, a lamb-and-tiger marriage.

SO MUCH VELVET

Some poets make a glittering, gaudy show
In introductions, promising too much,
As when they speak about the river's flow,
Diana's altar, and the woods, and such;
Perhaps a rainbow when the shower passes,
A purling stream, perhaps, through summer grasses.

If cypresses are the only thing you know,
What profits you your skill in painting trees
When what you are essaying now to show
Is shipwreck on the green and angry seas?
Your aiming by your target be directed.
In brief, be simple, short, and unaffected.

But poets—most of us—are led by lure;
We often lose the reason for the rhyme;
And so when you'd be brief, you are obscure,
Bombastic when you wish to be sublime.
You want your verses smooth and full of virtue,
And lo! your spirit and your nerves desert you.

He who is overcautious and who fears
The threatening storm will stay along the shore;
While he who dares to soar in rarer spheres
Puts fish on land, or in the sea the boar.

HORACE'S THE ART OF POETRY

Too cautious do not be, nor too meticulous,
For that's a certain way to be ridiculous.

(32-44)

Though not without a certain skill,
The Æmilian sculptor who can make
The nails and waving hair does ill,
If that the rest of it be fake.
Rather would I have no ambition
Than fashion such a composition.

O ye that would caress the Muse,
Or sweet or sturdy be your song,
Learn what she'll take, and what refuse,
And is she weak, or is she strong?
Bright be your flame, nor aught can dim it,
If you but know your Muse's limit.

For ye that well select your theme
Need have no silly, foolish fear;
Your words will shine, your phrases gleam.
Your method will be crystal clear.
Think what to say at once, and say it;
And as to what can wait, delay it.

The Clear Conscience

Horace: Book I, Ode 22

"Integer vitae, scelerisque purus"

He who is upright in his way of living,
Stainless of guilt, needs never the protection
Darts of Morocco, or bows or poisoned arrows,
Fuscus, can give him.

Whether his path be through the sultry Syrtes,
Or through the sunless Caucasus he travel,
Or through the countries watered by the famous
River Hydaspes.

Once in the Sabine Woods when I was strolling
Far past my farm, unarmed and free of worry,
Singing of Lalage, the wolf that heard me
Came up; and left me.

Monstrous was he, not such as martial Daunia
There in her spacious oaken forest nurses,
Not such as arid, lion-haunted Juba
Greatly produces.

THE CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Place me upon the sun-divested prairie
Where not a tree lives in the breath of summer;
Or where is nothing ever but the forecast:
 Cloudy with showers.

Yes, you may place me on the old Equator
Where it is far too hot for habitation,
Yet will I love my Lalage forever
 Smiling so sweetly.

February 14, 22 B. C.

Horace: Book III, Ode 9

"Donec eram gratus tibi—"

Horace

In the happier years gone by me,
In a well-remembered day,
Yours the custom was to eye me
In a not unflattering way.
When than I none was than-whicher,
When none other dared to fling
Arms about you, I was richer
Than the noted Persian king.

Lydia

Those the days when sweet the savor
Of mine overbrimming cup,
When no Chloë found your favor,
When I was not runner-up.

FEBRUARY 14, 22 B. C.

As I scan my memorabilia,
I observe with girlish glee
That the famous Roman Ilia
Hadn't anything on me.

Horace

Now the roomy heart Horatian,
Beating loudly in this breast,
By the sweetly singing Thracian
Chloë's utterly possessed.
If I thought that lovely lass 'd
Like to see me dead, I'd take
Half a pint of prussic acid
Gladly for her shining sake.

Lydia

What a fascinating game is
Love! My current cause for joy—
Thurian Calais his name is—
He is Ornytus's boy.
If I thought he'd like to view me
Moribund; that he would laugh
At my corse, I'd pour into me
All the poison I could quaff.

SO MUCH VELVET

Horace

If no longer I should find her
As I used to find her—fair;
If I casually consigned her
To the celebrated air;
This affair—if I should quit it;
If I gazed again on you;
Do you think that we could hit it
Off the way we used to do?

Lydia

Yes. Though Calais is brighter
Than a coruscating star;
Madder than the sea, and lighter
Than a piece of cork you are,
Horace, you're the only guy for
Me. The others I resign.
You're the one I'd live for, die for—
And I'll be your Valentine.

Carpe Diem

Horace: Book I, Ode 11.

"Tu ne quaesieris—"

Ask me not, my little Lucy,
What the gods may give to me,
Nor ought you be glad could you see
What your future's going to be.

Better far to bear the blowy
Breezes, come they slow or fast.
Jove may give us many snowy
Winters; this may be the last.

Wisdom, Lucy. Take the present!
Take the treasure of to-day!
Even as I write these pleasant
Rhymes, this evening slips away.

The Slump in Sybaris

Horace: Book I, Ode 8

"Lydia, dic, per omnes —"

O Lydia, tell me why it is, by all the gods above,
You seek to ruin Sybaris with your incandescent
love?

He used to like the scorching sun, and brave the wind
and rain,

But now he views the open road with undisguised disdain.

He used to sit a prancing steed, he used to dive and
swim;

No more the Tiber laves him, and no more the horse
for him.

He used to pack a vicious hook, he used to love a
fight;

His arms no more are black with blows, of scars his
arms are white.

THE SLUMP IN SYBARIS

Time was when none so far as he the javelin could
hurl;

Now he that held the record once is silly for a girl!
Concealed he lies, as once of old the brave Achilles
did;

By all the gods above you, what's the matter with
him, Lyd?

An Orison to Venus

Horace: Book III, Ode 26

"Vixi duellis nuper idoneus"

Till recently I fought the frays
Of love as valiantly as any,
For I was thrall to all the fays—
My skirmishes were many.

But now shall have the wall that guards
The left of sea-born Aphrodite
The lyre and arms that were this bard's,
Now done with battles mighty.

O queen of Cyprus full of cash,
Goddess of Memphis warm, unsnowy.
Swat once with thine uplifted lash
The supercilious Chloë!

On Fruitless Yearning

Horace: Book I, Ode 33

"Albi, ne doleas plus nimis memor—"

Sigh not, O Tibullus, in dolorous rhyme,
That Glycera's heart is of stone.
You palpably think it is close to a crime
That she is a younger man's own.

The lovely and low-browed Lycoris is keen
On Cyrus, but he doesn't care;
He harrows his heart and he bothers his bean
With Pholoë, sour and unfair.

But Pholoë feels not a quiver for Cy.
A wolf for a she-goat might fall
(Thus Venus has fun with the marital tie)
Before she saw Cyrus at all.

It's so with myself. Though a lady on me
Has smiled, I'm as chill as the pole;
For Myrtale, bold as the Hadrian sea,
Enmeshes mine innermost soul.

The Shirking Poet

Horace: Epode XIV

"Mollis inertia cur tantum diffuderit imis—"

Maecenas, how you worry me
Demanding daily rhyme!
You harass me and hurry me;
You press me all the time;
You think that I am keeping
A date; or that I'm sleeping.
No craving incorporeal
Is keeping me from work;
An urge that's amatorial
Makes me a slacking shirk.
The bow-boy, sure and sightless,
Is causing me to write less.

A company illustrious
I find the lovers' crew.
Anacreon was industrious—
And you, Maecenas, *you!*
And so, if Phryne love me,
You'll get no verses of me.

A Prohibition Ode

Horace: Book III, Ode 13

"O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro—"

O shining crystal fountain deserving flowers and
wine,

To-morrow shall a sacrifice—a tender kid—be thine;
A firstling kid whose horns, that start to sprout his
brow above,

Are frankly symbolistic of the arts of war and love.

Alas! what futile emblems! for the goatling's vivid
blood

Shall make thy fair limpidity a darkly crimson flood.
Thee blazing Sirius cannot touch in summer's fervid
heat;

To cattle weary of the plough, and wandering flocks
thou'rt sweet.

Yes, thou among the fountains shalt go flowing down
to fame;

The song I sing shall glorify Bandusia's liquid name.

SO MUCH VELVET

The oak that spreads its welcome shadows where thy
waters spring
Shall bear thy glory's burden through the simple song
I sing.

“Persicos Odi”

Horace: Book I, Ode 38

The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;
I hate their theatrical tricks;
Their garlicky wreathings and lindeney tree-things—
Nix.

Boy, me for the myrtle while under this fertile
Old grapevine I mellowly sink
As you and bibacious old Quintus Horatius
Drink.

Quartette

(To be sung by two pairs of lovers at the happy ending of a musical comedy.)

Life's an iridescent bubble.
Love's another name for trouble.
Fact and fiction
Bring conviction
Love is prose and pain.
But it's just as true that sorrow
Here to-day is gone to-morrow.
After showers
Follow flowers—
Sunshine after rain.

At the end of every love-tale
Howsoe'er begun,
Everything will turtle-dovetail
When the story's done.

This the moral we've been learning:
Long the lane that has no turning.

QUARTETTE

Every story
Amatory
 Proves the proverb true.
Journeys end in lovers meeting;
All their fondest fears are fleeting.
Fair and jolly
Each fi-nale—
 Then the sky is blue.

This the end of every love-tale,
 Howsoe'er begun,
Everything will turtle-dovetail
 When the story's done.

“Shall She Invite Him?”

Again the Book of Etiquette's advertisement arrests the roving eye. In the current *American Magazine* is depicted another young man taking another young woman home. Silk hat in hand, he obviously is about to say Good Night. “Shall she invite him into the house?” asks the advertisement. “Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know what to do and say at all times!”

Four things are possible.

- (1) He wants to come in and she wants him to.
- (2) He wants to come in and she doesn't want him to.
- (3) He doesn't want to come in and she wants him to.
- (4) He doesn't want to come in and she doesn't want him to.

Well:

I.

“You don't think I'm going home now, do you?”
“I should say not.”

“SHALL SHE INVITE HIM?”

2

“I’m coming in.”

“Oh, no, you’re not.”

3

“Well, good night.”

“Aren’t you coming in to say good night to me?”

“No, I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Oh, I’ve got to get up early to-morrow.”

“Oh, just a few minutes.”

“No, I can’t.”

“Oh, please. Just a few minutes.”

“No, I’ve got to get to bed. If I don’t get my eight hours, I’m no good the next day.”

“Oh, what’s five minutes?”

“It’ll be more than that.”

“No. I’ll send you away in five minutes.”

“Will you, honest?”

“Yes, my dear.”

“All right.”

4

“Good night.”

“Night.”

The Reactionary Poet Looks at Literature

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
You're winning columns of renown,
Your newest "candid" book on sex
Is selling all about the town.
That kind of book I cannot brook;
I hold that it is far from sane;
Your notion of a hundred girls
Gives me a sharp and shooting pain.

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
I know you put on lots of swank;
You say that life is only swill—
Your far too fluent pen is "frank."
You call a spade a hand-grenade,
You prate of dreams and anthropoids;
A simple tale of honest stuff
Is worth a hundred phony Freuds.

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
You thought to give me quite a turn;
But when it comes to candor, give
Me Rabelais or Laurence Sterne.

THE POET LOOKS AT LITERATURE

In various ways you sought my praise,
And my contempt is my reply.
The Shermans and the Billy Phelps
Are not more cold to you than I.

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
You have a calculating heart,
If any. And your carelessness
You want to make us think is Art.
Your "freedom" is but laziness;
Your "artistry" is only queer;
Your mannerisms are but the pose
That stamps the stuff of Smear de Smear.

Trust me, Mr. Smear de Smear,
From yon blue heavens that smile above
The gardener Adam and his wife
Laugh at your claims of neo-love.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
It is not great to be complex;
Kind art is more than Waldo Frank,
And simple faith than spurious sex.

SO MUCH VELVET

Mr. Writer Smear de Smear,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no sewers that you may dig?
Are there no chartless wonderlands?
O teach the human race to read
That life's not merely Sex and Woe.
Pray Heaven for a little art,
And let bunk realism go.

Goody ! Goody !

"One hundred years from now, unless preservative measures are taken, promptly, the man who goes to a library to consult to-day's newspapers will find a mass of sawdust streaked with traces of ink. Newspapers will exist only as museum specimens."—H. M. LYDENBERG of the New York Public Library.

My heart leaps up when I behold
Those words above; they make me bold;
They levitate my weighty heart;
They cheer me up about My Art.

For now I know Posterity
In, say, Two Thousand Thirty Three,
Searching among the ancient files
For quips and cranks and quondam wiles

Will not, in quest of perished power,
Exhume this morning's Conning Tower,
And sigh (that's what *I* feel so grand for)
"Great grief! what stuff they used to stand for!"

Was This the Face that Loved a Thousand Things?

"And I would write as much as—as Balzac, I suppose, if only I didn't give myself to a thousand things, if I did not love, as I do, a thousand people. Think how much time I would have for accomplishment if I loved—well, say a judicious two, or three!"
—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, interviewed by Eleanor Carroll in the *Evening Post*.

O thou that singst so sweet a song
Born of the joyousness of strife,
When thou sayst that, wert never wrong-
Er in thy life.

The bard who loves a thousand things
Can give himself to lofty rhyme;
He has, to smite the lyric strings,
A lot of time.

But, loveliest of the laureates,
As to thyself is surely known,
No time hath he who concentrates
On one alone.

A Psalm of Freudian Life

Tell me not in mormonful numbers
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
To a student of the slumbers
 Things are never what they seem.

Life is yearning and suppression;
 Life is that to be enjoyed;
Puritanical discretion
 Was not spoke by Dr. Freud.

Deep enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to dream, that each to-morrow
 Finds us Freudier than to-day.

Sleep is long, and dreams are straying,
 And our hearts, though they may falter,
Still, like sexiphones, are playing
 Wedding marches to the altar.

SO MUCH VELVET

In the universal battle,
In the seraglio of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Beat your husband—or your wife.

Trust no dame, however pleasant!
Leave the dead ones on the shelf!
Act—act in the living present!
Nothing matters but Yourself.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives a serial,
And, departing, leave behind us
Biographical material.

Stories that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's Freudian sea—
A forlorn and dream-racked brother—
Reading, might say, "How like me!"

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any mate;
Now eluding, now pursuing,
Learn to individuate.

Roundel

In the spring a young man's fancy
 Lightly turns—you know the thing.
Tennyson's extravagancy,
 "In the spring—"

Gay the garlands that I fling
 In my wild exuberancy,
Happier I than any king.

And I print my petulancy,
 Saddest when I have to sing.
Work's a thing I simply can't see
 In the spring.

A Tennis Player's Garden of Verses

How do you like to get out on a court,
Out in the August sun?
Oh, I think that is the pleasantest sport
Ever a boy has done.

* * *

Every night I say a prayer
That I shall be a better player;
And every day it's not too wet
I knock the balls across the net.

The child who has a little nerve
Will have a fairly decent serve;
He'll win a match, I'm pretty sure,
Unless his forehand drive is poor.

* * *

A birdie who observed me play
Stopped a minute just to say,
As I sent a service out,
"Ain't you 'shamed, you clumsy lout?"

* * *

A TENNIS PLAYER'S GARDEN OF VERSES

The world is so full of a number of parks.
I'm sure we should all be as happy as larks.

* * *

The friendly court all green and white
I love with all my heart;
I hit the ball with all my might,
But precious little art.

A Plea for Distinctiveness

Once—I remember to my shame—

When work and worry had fatigued me,
I said a book or play or game
“Intrigued” me.

I’ve picked perhaps a dozen times

The weeds of unintensive farming:
“Delightful,” “stark” . . . I once said rhymes
Were “charming”!

But never while I serve the Muse,

Stripped though I be of verbal vesture,
Shall I, my dear, descend to use
A “gesture.”

Revised

Then here's to the City of Boston,
The town of the cries and the groans,
Where the Cabots can't see the Kabotschniks,
And the Cabots won't speak to the Cohns.

A Wish

I do not yearn for prairies wide;
I crave to tramp no tangled wood;
I hunger for no hills. I tried. . . .
It did no good.

And yet I wish I wished to roam;
I wish I craved the open sea;
Or loved the meadow for my home,
The life that's free.

I wish I craved to see the corn,
Or ached to glimpse some native spot;
And yet to be where I was born
I hanker not.

I wished I yearned to see the hut
Of boyhood, if for but a minute.
Not that I like this wishing, but
There's money in it.

To a Dream Girl

Oft—too often—in the stilly
Night when Luna brightly beams,
Images of you, Miss Lillie,
Crowd my not unpleasant dreams.
You I see across the spacious
Meadows of a lovely land;
You approaching, not ungracious,
Take mine unreluctant hand.

Fade the Pleiads and Orion;
Rises Phoebus, gold and red,
As I dream of you and lie on
Mine unostentatious bed.
As I wake and call the cook, like
One who craves his coffee hot,
I remember what you look like
Utterly and wholly not.

Dark your hair, I think, and sweet your
Face, but when I try to limn
Accurately every feature,
Recollection's fond but dim.
So if I'm not to forget you
(As I do with more than half)
Beatrice, though I've hardly met you,
Send along a photograph.

Sally

Give me the song of the linnet,
Give me the lilt of the lark,
Give me the meadow a minute,
Give me a stroll in the dark.
Give me the dawning up yonder,
Give me the sun in the west,
Give me the woodland to wander—
You may have all of the rest.

You take the gold of the palace,
Give me the gold of a dream;
You take the glittering chalice,
I'll take a drink from a stream.
You take the noise of the brasses,
Bugles to welcome the guest,
Give me the breeze on the grasses—
You may have all of the rest.

You take the fame and the glory,
High on the rocky ascent,
You be the hero of story,
Give me the joy of content.

A QUITCLAIM DEED

Give me the house in the valley,
Give me the babe on my breast,
Give me the love of my Sally—
You may have all of the rest.

—From "Come on Home," by DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

A Quitclaim Deed

Take you the song of the linnet,
Take you the tune of the thrush,
Take you the hum of the spinet,
Give me the fill to a flush.
Take you the dawning, and so forth;
Take you the sun in the west;
Enter the forest and go forth—
I will take all of the rest.

Thanks for the gold of the palace,
You take the gold of a dream.
Douglas, I'll *schenck* you the chalice;
Give me my coffee, with cream.
I'll take the blare of the brasses
Playing some jazz, by request;
You may recline in the grasses—
Give me a bed for my rest.

SO MUCH VELVET

I'll take the fame and the glory,
All I can possibly strike;
I'll be a hero of story,
You be a dub if you like.

Live, if you like, far from *this* city,
I'll live on Central Park West,
And O from the School of Simplicity
Give me, O give me a rest.

A Ballade of Indifference

"Your verses are terrible stuff,
Decreasing in merit each day."

"Your flickering flame I would snuff!"
I don't care a whoop what you say.
"You ought to be pitching the hay,
Not wasting good paper and ink!"
"You ought to be driving a dray!"
I don't care a cuss what you think.

"Your column is buncombe and bluff";
"Your feet are the commonest clay";
"I'll say that your morals are tough."
I don't care a whoop what you say.
"To think of your drawing down pay
For junk you should chuck in the zinc!"
"I think you're a hick and a jay!"
I don't care a cuss what you think.

"Your rhymes are unfunny and rough;
Your paragraphs never are gay;
I'll say that I holler 'Enough!'"
I don't care a whoop what you say.

SO MUCH VELVET

"You're only a deuce or a trey,
Instead of an ace or a kink.
I think you're a dub every way."
I don't care a cuss what you think.

L'ENVOI

You say that I lie in this lay?
I don't care a whoop what you say.
You think that I wrote with a wink?
I don't care a cuss what you think.

Radio and Poetry

Possibly the time approaches when it will be no longer necessary to write for newspapers. The radio concerns will convince writers that they can reach four million hearers instead of 400,000. That will denude journalism of its poets, for, as every reader knows, all a poet is concerned with is reaching the greatest possible number with his Message.

There is this difficulty. The composition of verse is a furtive act; there is more scaffolding than meets the eye. A view of almost any original manuscript shows that. There are erasures and emendations. And how would they sound—for most poets compose aloud—to the four million listeners?

Take, for example, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who recently has sprung into fame as the author of the scenario to "The Village Blacksmith." Suppose he had had to compose "A Psalm of Life" for the radio. One images him seated one day at the transmitter, weary and ill at ease, talking thus:

"A Life Psalm, no, A Psalm of Life. What the

SO MUCH VELVET

Young Man, no, the Heart of. What the Heart of the Young Man Said to the Psalmist. Let's see.

"Do not say in numbers weeping—

"No.

"Say we not in num—

"No.

"Tell me not in numbers weeping

'Life is but an empty dream!'

Dead the soul that

"No.

"For the soul is dead that's sleeping,

And things are not what they seem."

"I certainly don't like that last line. Got to say ARE not. False accent on the ARE.

"Gosh! Rotten. Unmusical. Same vowel-sounds—'weeping' and 'dream.' '*Dead that slumbers*' would do it. How about first line? Oh, sure. Cinch. '*Weeping numbers*' '*Dead that slumbers!*' Don't like '*weeping numbers.*' Sounds like a term in the game of craps. Not a bad refrain, that. 'It sounds like a term in the game of craps.' Let's see. . . . Let's see. *Sad numbers.* Oh, grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair! Girls, what's a two-syllable—accented on the first—synonym for 'sad'? Oh, of course. 'Mournful.' Thank you, Alice. Now then:

RADIO AND POETRY

*"Tell me not in mournful numbers
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."*

"Don't like that last line with the *ARE NOT*.
Oh, I'll let it go and fix it up when I get it out in a
book. Let's see.

"Life is earnest! Life is—

"No.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

And so on.

No, I shall resist all overtures by the radio companies to have poetry composed by the radio. The public—especially my public—has few enough illusions now.

Envy: To Any Lady About to Go South This Winter

Lady, as you flee the blowing
 Breath from Boreas his mouth,
As, in other words, you're going
 South.

As the buzzing bee the honey
 Craves, the baseball fan the score,
Seek you now the balmy, sunny
 Shore.

You, the world your pleasing plaything;
 You, the universe your lute—
You will lie there in a bathing
 Suit.

Reckless of the rays that blind you,
 Scornful of the suns that sear,
Heedless of the bard behind you
 Here;

ENVY: TO ANY LADY

Lady, you may have forgotten
All the rigors of this clime,
So I hope you have a rotten
Time.

The Color-Blind Poet to His Love

The leaves, my love, are gold and red,
As are your lovely eyes;
And the deep azure of your head
Is fairer than the skies.

Your lips are like the driven snow;
Your cheeks are like the sea.
But oh, my love, you cannot know
The way you look to me.

On Voting

Suppose you hadn't voted yesterday,
Saying, "What matters one vote, anyway?"
If that's the song that everyone would sing,
What would become of us and everything?
If everyone said, "What's *my* little vote?"
What would become of us? I'll be the goat.
What sort of place would this world be to-day?
And just what sort of place is it to-day?

Thoughts in Hot Weather

Janet, as the month of Juno
Comes to its perfervid finish,
And the fairest visions view no
Hope the heat is to diminish;
As the torrid morning lingers,
And as drags the afternoon;
When the pen between the fingers
Sticks; in short, when it is June—

When the month is June, my Janet,
As I said at the beginning,
Muse I then upon this planet
Far more spinned against than spinning.
As I listen for the thunder-
Storm to bring about the cool
Night, I sit serene and under-
Take a poem of this school.

THOUGHTS IN HOT WEATHER

To a dull and unpoetic
Person void of inspiration
What a snap is the synthetic
And jejune versification!
When the bard is on the brink of
All the terrors that appall,
It is sweet to sit and think of
You, and nothing else at all.

To Katherine Cornell

The Mary Fitton of "Will Shakespeare," A synthetic Sonnet,
Assembled from Sonnets 18, 28, 64, 21, 69, 106, 57, 90, 85, 103,
134, 79, 123, and 38.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day
When day's oppression is not eased by night
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay?
O, let me, true in love, but truly write
Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view—
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow—
While I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Then hate me if thou wilt; if ever, now
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
This do I vow, and this shall ever be;
For who so dumb that cannot write of thee?

“Such Stuff as Dreams”

For the new Freudian opera.

“Things are never what they seem;
Yesternight I had a dream:
Breasted I the billows stormy.
Please interpret that one for me.”

“I can do
That for you.”

“Swimming when the sea is wavy
Means you’d like to join the navy.
Dreaming of untroubled swimmin’
Means that you love thirty women.”

“I agree—
Thirty-three.”

“In my dream I went to shop
For a certain razor strop
Advertised in magazines.
Tell me, doctor, what that means.”

“That is plain,
I maintain.”

SO MUCH VELVET

“Wanamaker’s, Hearn’s, and Gimbel’s—
These are hymeneal symbols;
Razor strops,—no use to smother
Truth,—you rather like your mother.”

“Tra la lee!
Mercy me!”

The Critic's Resolution

I was able—at least to my satisfaction—to analyse both the structure and intentions of the other pieces, but of Mr. Ruggles's work I can only say, in honesty, that I do not know what he is driving at. His music may be meaningless, and it may be enormously important. Naturally, one has opinions; and mine is that it is not important. That, of course, is only an opinion.

—DEEMS TAYLOR in the *World*.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a circle's square?
Or with tears bestrew the ground
If a wheel be far from round?
Be it straighter than a T-square,
Or the square of $16b^2$,
If it be not so to me,
What care I how square it be?

Shall I cheer aloud, or laud
Things that others may applaud?
Or believe how fine and grand it
Is if I don't understand it?

SO MUCH VELVET

Be it simple, clear, and plain
As the mind of Dr. Crane,
If it be a cloud to me,
What care I how clear it be?

Sound or spurious, gold or dross,
Art's but art that gets across.
If it hit nor mind nor heart,
It is anything but art.
Naught to me the noisy struggles
Of my friend, Composer Ruggles;
For if they be not for me,
What care I for whom they be?

The True-Love

My heart was made for laughter,
My eyes were made for smiles,
My life was made for living
Upon the Blessed Isles.

My heart is dead with sorrow,
My eyes are red with rue;
And I'd rather weep for you, my love,
Than smile for any but you.

Rarae Aves

Announce it here with triple leading
That once I heard a Noisy Wedding;
And accurately I recall
The day I saw a Sober Brawl.

I saw some burglars drive away
In a Low-Powered Car, the other day;
And yesterday, I'm pretty sure,
An Unknown Clubman died, obscure.

The Pessimist's Forecast

Monday's child is sad of face;
Tuesday's child will lose the race;
Wednesday's child has a row to hoe;
Thursday's child is full of woe;
Friday's child has futile strife;
Saturday's child has a mournful life;
While the child that's born on the Sabbath day
Will find that life is dull and gray.

Yankee Bards and British Reviewers

The scarlet of American excess creeps even into the pale blue of American sentimentality. . . . The sentimental attitude toward women . . . sometimes takes a strange lyrical form, particularly in the newspapers.—W. L. GEORGE, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Lady, pray pardon mine excess,
But when your simple suppliant woos,
Despite his Yankee scarletness,
He has Those Sentimental Blues.
Yet, though the yappiest of hicks,
Unsentimental as a derrick,
He learned a lot of mushy tricks
From Robert Herrick.

“Love in my bosom like a bee”
(From Lodge I lift that lovely line)
“Love still hath something of the sea”
(Sedley) “And I’ll not ask for wine”

YANKEE BARDS AND BRITISH REVIEWERS

(Jonson). From Byron's Athens Maid,
From girls in Wither, Cowley, Fletcher,
Tennyson, Waller, Dobson, Praed
I've swiped, you betcher.

Oh British bards, studied so oft.
If slushy be my roundelay,
If tender be my heart and soft—
Ye made me what I am to-day.
But still, the heart of this here bard,
For all its frequent jeopardizing,
Has made itself robust and hard
From exercising.

The Strawless Brick

An Essay on and at the New Poetry

As I look out the window
Precisely to my left,
Of thoughts, or old or novel,
I am bereft.

There was a time when that would
Have worried me a lot;
That was in the old days. . . .
Now it does not.

Not even an emotion
Have I to put in print.
A vague, a blurred impression,
Or half a hint;

A spurious description
Of what I think I see
May put me in the forefront
Of poetry.

THE STRAWLESS BRICK

I see an apartment building,
It's made of stone and bricks;
The windows are glass, it seems to me;
The floors are six.

The apartment just across from me—
Nobody seems to be in it—
But someone may come to the window
Most any minute.

A taxicab is passing,
And in the street five boys
Are making a good deal of
Irritating noise.

It would be irritating
To an old-fashioned bard,
But for us of the modern method
Nothing is hard.

I remember, in the old days,
I couldn't write for the noise
Made by inconsiderate
Playing boys.

SO MUCH VELVET

That was when I had to
Seek the magic word.
How silly were the old days,
And how absurd!

In the silly old days
I'd have worked all day,
And I'd have felt obliged to have
Something to say.

I can not sell the old songs
I sold long years ago.
Well, let it not be said of me
That I am slow.

As, looking out the window
Precisely to my left,
Of thoughts, or old or novel,
I am bereft.

About This Time of Year

If my spirit yearned and my great heart burned for
the feel of the open road,
If my soul were sick of the bailiwick and my back
were bent with the load,
If I tasted the taint of the city's paint and I craved
the meadow sweet,
If I felt the appeal of the yielding feel of the young
earth under my feet,
If I longed for the free and the open sea and the salt
spray on my cheek,
If I'd wishing pains for the Western plains and the
wild coyote's shriek—
Should I be here writing insincere old stuff that the
yearners sing
Of the Spaces? *No!* I'd hurry and go, and not
write a gol-darned thing.

The Irish Question

I hope the Irish fight abates—
But I love the poems of W. B. Yeats.

Perhaps the Irish are deservin'—
But I know I'm keen on St. John Ervine.

England may bow to Ireland's will—
Hooray for the books of Pat MacGill!

Of politics I know no thing—
But I know the magic of J. M. Synge.

Perhaps the English deal was raw—
But I'm for the works of G. B. Shaw.

It's sad I am for Dublin's grievin's—
But yip! for the things of Jamesy Stephens!

At the Circus

I watched the clowns at the circus,
And I noted their comic art,
And I mused the while how the daily smile
Might cover a breaking heart,

Perhaps, I thought (I was conscious
The thing had been thought before)
They are mournful folk who do not joke
When the nightly task is o'er.

And I thought (I'm a pensive person;
And this thought was somewhat new)
They have no fun when their work is done—
And they're sad when they're working, too.

The Italics Are Milton's

And the rest is what might have happened if John V. A. Weaver
had collaborated with Milton.

*With thee conversing I forget all time,
I'd sell my future for a wooden dime;
All seasons, and their change,—all please alike,
I wouldn't care if the sun had went on strike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
When I wake up I hear the tweet-tweet-tweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun—
Some little orb it is, I'll say so, son—
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His little old rays on the little old pansy beds—
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
And when he shines at 5 or some such hour
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
And soft, believe me, as a lower berth,
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of five-star final extras, and—doggone!—
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
(You said a bookful, Jack. Silent is right)*

THE ITALICS ARE MILTON'S

With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
Me with my uke, you singin' some swell tune
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
That'd be bad, I guess, me with my Jane.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
Spillin' around some extra dividends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun,
Wakin' me up about 4:41,
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Shinin' at dawn with 90 candle-power
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers
Nor slugs o' ruckus juice, nor whisky sours,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night
(I miss you, Tessie? Yop, with all my might)
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
(I'm cuckoo, kid, if I don't see you soon)
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet—
When you ain't here, I'm off the world. . . . I'm
beat.

Prodigality

Look, you said, the lovely moon,
Fair and new and bright!
Of her bounty crave a boon;
Make a wish to-night.

You I gazed at grown so dear;
Gazed I long at you;
Near to me as life is near,
Fair and bright and new.

Boons for them that feel a dearth!
Them I give no heed to.
Mine the heaven and mine the earth—
Let them wish that need to!

Riverside Drive Chantey

Give to me the open sea, sailing under Peary,
Farragut or Febiger or Francis Drake!
Troll a lay of Baffin's Bay, Michigan or Erie,
Huron or Superior or some such lake.
Put me under Captain Dunn or even General Har-
bord!

Let me hear the chanteys that the seamen sing!
Oh to slack a leeward tack and jibe her hard-a-star-
board!

And oh, the lass is lovely when the fog bells ring!

How I crave the cruel wave and the billow bounding!
How I love the capstan and the marlinspike!
But the jargon of the tar, the nautic note resounding,
Best of all about the sea are what I like.
Mine a home upon the foam, on pinnaces or cattle-
ships!

This, my hearty lubbers, is the sort of thing
I can write when all the night the River's full of
battleships

Keeping me from slumber when the fog bells ring.

The Main Street Mind

When Mrs. Dr. Kennicott went out to Gopher
Prairie,

She found the town a dull, malicious bore,
Where no one had a thought beyond the wheat
farm and the dairy,
The movies and the flivver and the store.

When Henry Adams got what he declared was
Education,

He gazed upon the world without a smile;
The Culture and the Politics of this amusing nation
He found unworthy anybody's while.

Though Henry found the universe a very Gopher
Prairie,

(The latter being commonplace and trite),
And Carol found American existence ordinary,
*I like to live here. . . . Proving they were
right.*

Just Before the Battle

Cease to be anxious; nor grope
Mad as a Matteawan hatter.
Wading through columns of dope—
Here is the crux of the matter:

“Dempsey’s as strong as an ox.”
“Wills is as fit as a fiddle.”
“Harry is harder than rocks.”
“Jack’s there both ways from the middle.”

“Dempsey is sounder than steel.”
“The African’s there with the wallop.”
“The champion’s smooth as an eel.”
“Harry’s as cool as a scallop.”

“Dempsey is trained to the hour.”
“Wills is as blooming as privet.”
“Jack has a million horsepower.”
“Harry’s as right as a trivet.”

SO MUCH VELVET

"Jack is as keen as a blade."

"Wills is as bright as a dollar."

"Dempsey is far from afraid."

"Wills is as fresh as a collar."

Why, then be anxious and grope

Mad as a Matteawan hatter?

There is the gist of the dope—

There is the crux of the matter.

“ to Heal the Blows of Sound ”

For many a hammary, noisy year
I tried to write as I had to hear
The Woolworth Building's rat-a-tat-tat.
(Rivet by rivet, it went like that).

And when I moved over to Nassau Street,
A distance of less than a hundred feet
From my sinister ear they had some fun
Razing the plant of the New York *Sun*.

And just as I grab me a swell position,
They saw and hammer a new partition;
And it took six hours and a million curses
To write these inconsequential verses.

Ballade of the Power of the Press

I've looked at a lot of dramatic pieces—
I frequently sit in the second row—
I've gazed at the tragedies that were Greece's,
And wept at Shakespearian tales of woe.
But when I fare to a modern show,
(Or when to a modern show I fare),
This is the thing that I want to know:
Who presses the clothes that the actors wear?

It may be a hero the villain fleeces,
It may be a villain as low as low,
It may be a tenor who sings his theses,
It may be a tar with a "Yo-heave-ho!"
But the Trevor trousers must hang just so,
And the Anson coats have a gorgeous flare.
Envy of them gives me vertigo.
Who presses the clothes that the actors wear?

BALLADE OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS

They fall in the stiffest of sharpest creases,
The trousers worn by the actor-beau.
The slenders as well as the wide obeses
Have never a wrinkle from tip to toe.
But as though they'd been out in a month of snow
My pants appear as a wrinkled pair,
Though pressed by my tailor the ultimo.
Who presses the clothes that the actors wear?

L'ENVOI

Princes, your secret on me bestow:
Tell me the tailor, when and where:
I'd like to be a Lothario.
Who presses the clothes that the actors wear?

Ballade of an Often Heard Query

I've been, I was saying but yesterday,
To numberless current Broadway shows;
And the curtain falls in many a play
On the baffled hero who says, "God knows!"
"I wonder," too, is a common close—
It's in "Saint Joan," which you ought to see—
But this is the line that ebbs and flows;
"Why are you telling all this to me?"

Never an actor who didn't say,
As a man stood up, or a girl arose,
"Won't you . . . sit down?" There is never a
Drama that hasn't those well-worn *mots*.
But here is the line that makes me doze—
I could murder the interrogatee,
And a vertebral shiver down me goes:
"Why are you telling all this to me?"

AN OFTEN HEARD QUERY

It's a long, long time since "I'm going away
From here" was spoofed as dramatic pose.
Infrequently now do you hear "But stay!"
Except in reviews and in olios.
But the heroine weeps as she tells her woes
Or the hero spills his catastrophe,
And one to the other this query throws:
"Why are you telling all this to me?"

L'ENVOI

Queen, in the best of your tremolos,
I can hear you pray on your bended knee:
"Why don't you stick to laconic prose?
Why are you telling all this to me?"

With a Copy of Calverley

Years, years ago¹ I had the same
Experience, and I wrote a word² of
Dispraise, because that magic name
She'd³ never heard of.

And only yesterday you said,
With an expression that engages
Me much, you hadn't ever read
His glorious pages.

"Calverley? Who was he?" you smiled.
(And Lalage⁴ could not excel you
At smiling). Lithe and listen, child,
And let me tell you.

¹Three years and eight months

²See "Weights and Measures" (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50)

³Neysa McMein

⁴Of Horace: Book I, Ode 22, line 24

A COPY OF CALVERLEY

In 1884 he died;
Great was his gift, small his emolum-
Ent; all his verses are inside
This little volume.

Take with the height of my regard
These merry poems, bright and brittle;
The rare example of a bard
Who wrote too little.

Too few the rhymes, the tome too thin,
(Life for a poet now is quicker).
Had he known you, this book had been
A little thicker.

The Lonesome October

When come the melancholy days,
 As sung by William Cullen Bryant,
When through the matutinal haze
 The well-known orb of day shines riant,
How sweet to roam the stubbly wold!
How sweet the city, clear and cold!

When blooms the yellow eglantine
 (Or that which blooms in late October),
When draughts of air than Gascon wine
 (To coin a phrase) make you less sober,
I like the hillside, sere and brown
And even better like the town.

When tangful blows the autumn breeze,
 And when the frost (see Mr. Riley);
When winds denude the weeping trees,
 Esteem I then the country highly.
How sweet to sing about the fall!
How sweeter not to sing at all!

On Frustration

The great writers, like the great orators, have been, in many instances, men doomed in some respects to lead frustrated lives. The greatest love-poetry has not been written by men who have found easy happiness in love. Donne's poems are the poems of a frustrated lover. Keats's greatest poetry was the fruit of unfulfilled love.—THE FREEMAN.

Beloved, if those words be true,
Let then the lines I write to you,—
Fluffy and thin and soon forgotten,—
Continue being pretty rotten.

A Baffled Emulator

Shelley's poetical life cannot be represented as continuous steady advance. His mind was divided. He had too many things to think about, and too many ways of thinking. He was tossed to and fro by many winds of doctrine, often too obedient to the spirit of the age. He was easily led, and his judgment was uncertain.—From "The Art of Poetry," by WILLIAM PATON KER.

Whenever I essay to soar
Aloft in realms I term Elysian,
No mind than mine is ever more
Split into bits by long division.

And when I dip my pen in ink,
My vertebrae are made of jelly.
For I've as many things to think
About as once did P. B. Shelley.

Whenas my striving Muse is fain
To scale to Poesy's perihelion,
Like Shelley, I'm a weather-vane;
Like him, a cowardly chameleon.

A BAFFLED EMULATOR

I'm angry at the foolish Fates;

I'm mad at them as any hatter.

I've all of Percy Shelley's traits;

What do you think can be the matter?

The Complete Poet and Letter Writer

A cagey and cautious old poet was Quintus
H. Flaccus, a bard of renown,
His metrical traffic, Alcaic and Sapphic,
He sang to the girls of the town.
His oding to Lydia, to Lyde, to Chloë,
Was amorous, fearless, and bold;
Distinctly unchilly his poem to Phyllie,
His verses to Venus uncold.

But license is granted the wearer of laurel;
The poet may publicly burn
For that one or this one, caress one, and kiss one
In print with a rhythmical turn.
Oh, cautious and cagey was Quintus Horatius
How prudent a poet to pen
His metrical missiles to girls, his Epistles
In prose—you remember—to men!

Bricks and Straw

My desk is cleared of the litter of ages;
Before me glitter the fair white pages;
My fountain pen is clean and filled,
And the noise of the office has long been stilled.
Roget's Thesaurus is at my hand,
And I'm ready to do some work that's grand,
Dignified, eminent, great, momentous,
Memorable, worthy of note, portentous,
Beautiful, paramount, vital, prime,
Stirring, eventful, august, sublime.
For this is the way, I have read and heard,
That authors look for the fitting word.
All of the proud ingredients mine
To build, like Marlowe, the mighty line.
But never a line from my new-filled pen
That couldn't be done by a child of ten.
Oh, how did Shelley and how did Keats
Weave magic words on the fair white sheets
Under conditions that, were they mine,
I couldn't bear? And I'd just resign.

SO MUCH VELVET

Yet Milton wrote passable literature
Under conditions I couldn't endure.
Coleridge and Chatterton did their stuff
Over a road that I'd christen rough.
Wordsworth and—soft!—could it be that they
Waited until they had something to say?

December

Esther, as the dark December
Evening shadows fill the room,
And the rhymes that I remember
Fill me with a pleasant gloom;
As the sudden tear and saline
Courses down the sallow cheek,
And the Hudson River Day Line
Boats no longer sail the creek;

As the triply stellar final
Of the vespertinal sheet
Comes, now soon the hour to dine'll
Trail along with tardy feet!
And I feel that into slumber
It were sadly sweet to sink,
And on things I cannot number
Unrelatedly I think.

SO MUCH VELVET

Is my musing sad, I mutter;
Is my dreaming gay, I sing;
As the darkness grows so utter
That I cannot see a thing.
Easy, Esther, to go right on
In the dark December murk,
But I think I'll switch the light on
And get down to serious work.

After Reading "The Waste Land"

I read "The Waste Land" riding
Down in the subway last evening.
Darned good, swell stuff, I said at times,
But I like rhymes.
I'm a conservative goof,
Aloof
From the poems amorphous.
I went to the orifice.
Terrible, rotten stuff, I thought Eliot's poem.
"O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter."
That's his impression.
O the moon shines bright
On the daughter of Officer Porter
Is charming Kitty.
Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—
Hey, but he's doleful, willow, willow waly!
Why do I always sing that going up the escalator?
City Hall Park
After dark,

SO MUCH VELVET

He loves me; he is here!

Fal la la la!

Fal la la la!

Thought for ballade's refrain:

"Why should it get the Dial prize?"

Then said Sir Kay the Seneschal

Nothing at all.

Tit willow, tit willow, tit willow

Blah blah blah.

“Knowledge Is Power”

As I often have said, I am easily influenced. Compared with me a weather vane is Gibraltar, especially when it comes to advertisements. And so when I read the advertisement beginning “And they thought I had traveled the whole world over!” I surrendered. Since then—only a week ago Sunday—my whole life changed.

I remember how in the old days—less than two weeks, but, by Allah, the Mohammedan name for God, contracted from the Arabic, *al ilah*, the god, it seems like years—I used to sit, evening after evening, bored with the small talk and banter around me and envious of the interesting men and women who, when the conversation became profounder, held their hearers suspended upon their every syllable. I never can be like them, I used to say; and I would go home and toss about, sobbing my great heart out at my ignorance of the brimming world I lived in.

And then I read the advertisement beginning

SO MUCH VELVET

"And they thought I had traveled the whole world over!" Above these words was a picture of a handsome, thoughtful man—with whom I immediately identified myself—talking to five enchanted auditors. Two of them were men, but three were women—beautiful, intelligent, and palpitant to hear the fascinating utterances of the informed man.

"They were chatting idly," the advertisement read, "as men and women do in social contact." That is where it won me. Take a conversation I had had only four days before, at a party. "Hello," I said, "how have you been?" "Just dandy," she said. "How are *you*?" "Oh, *I'm* all right," I said. Then a man named Donald Stewart asked her to dance. Now I see why she accepted, but I didn't then. She accepted because my conversation was merely a light and witty exchange of words instead of something deeper.

"I sat silent," continued the advertisement, "unutterably bored. I wondered if I looked as out of place as I felt."

"Then, somehow, the conversation"—I am still quoting—"veered to things intellectual. One of the women mentioned Ali Baba. Who knew of him?

"Ali Baba? I sat forward in my chair. I could

“KNOWLEDGE IS POWER”

tell them all about this romantic, picturesque figure of fiction.

“I don’t know how it all happened. But they gathered all around me. And I told them of golden ships that sailed the seven seas, of a famous man and his donkey who wandered unknown ways, of the brute-man from whom we are all descended. I told them things they never knew of Cleopatra, of the eccentric Diogenes, of Romulus and the founding of Rome.”

Right there I wondered whether he ended his story of Romulus and Remus with, “And so Rome was founded with this motto: *A vulpis felicibus*, or at the present rate of exchange, From contented wolves.”

“‘You must have traveled all over the world to know so many marvelous things!’ It was the woman who first mentioned Ali Baba. She was tremendously pleased at having ‘discovered’ me. All evening we talked—of art, of poetry, of literature, of the world’s greatest music. And I realized, as I have realized many times since, in social life and business, that *knowledge is power*.”

“And yet, mine”—remember I am still quoting the advertisement—“had been but a fireside education. I had never traveled, never been to college—yet I could hold these people spellbound with my knowl-

SO MUCH VELVET

edge! It was the famous Pocket University that taught me one new thing every day."

Now this was Sunday and I couldn't matriculate at dear old Pocket. But dull though I had been, I was resourceful. In fact, I often ask myself where I would be to-day if I hadn't been resourceful; and Reason reels at the possibility. So I began that night with the New International Encyclopedia, of which, as luck would have it, I had VOL. I—A—ARMERIA.

After an evening curled up alone with my book I could hardly wait for Monday night. I was invited to dinner at the home of an author. "Good evening, Alice," said I, and added immediately, "Alice! What memories that name summons! There was Alice, the Wife of Bath, in Geoffrey Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.' There was Alice in 'King Henry V,' who was one of the Princess Katherine's ladies in waiting; Alice, the heroine of an Elizabethan tragedy, 'Arden of Feversham,'; and Alice in 'Robert le Diable,' an opera by Meyerbeer. Not to mention Alice Maud Mary, Princess, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt (1843-78), the second daughter of Queen Victoria, born April 25, 1843. Nor Alice who had the Adventures in Wonderland."

“KNOWLEDGE IS POWER”

“Don’t you want your soup of the evening, beautiful soup?” asked my thoughtful hostess. “These are some new Dutch plates.”

“Dutch?” I asked. “Did you say ‘Dutch’? From Holland, where the rivers and streams Aa flow? As many as forty have been enumerated. The word is said to be of Celtic origin.”

“I see by the paper,” said Mrs. Miller, who is a great reader, “that John Barrymore is soon to reappear in ‘Hamlet.’”

“Prince of Denmark,” I added. “Denmark, wherein is situated the episcopal city of Aalborg, capital of the Am of Aalborg, in the north of Jutland, on the south shore of the Limfjord, which unites the North Sea and the Kattegat. The town has a cathedral——”

At that juncture a large number of intellectual persons entered. All evening I held them spell-bound, what with my informative talks on things from Aardvark to Alexander, of whom there were many; and I threw in Freddy Alexander, the veteran internationalist racquet-wielder.

“How are you coming along with your poetry?” asked my tactful hostess.

“Not well,” I admitted. “Not so well as did Alexis, Greek comic poet of the Middle Comedy,

SO MUCH VELVET

born about 394 B. C. at Thurii and taken early to Athens, where he became a citizen. Plutarch says he lived to the age of 105, and that he died on the stage while being crowned."

"They crowned 'em in those days," said the first dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*.

"He wrote 245 comedies," I went on.

"You must have traveled all over the world to know so many marvelous things!" said a beautiful and lissome girl whose name, beginning with B or some later letter, eludes me.

"Hell, no," I said deprecatingly. "While I am not, as you may have thought, a Pocket alumnus, I have acquired the culture you have seen and—if I may say so, admired, not at Adelphi, Alabama, Albany, Albion, Alma, Amherst, Antioch, Abilene, Arizona or Arkansas, but from the New International Encyclopedia. Any boy in my place would have done the same thing. May I see you home?"

I never shall forget that walk home with her. As I recall it, it was under the lovely star Arcturus. How I talked of Archilochus, Archimedes, and Architecture! And how mute and inarticulate I would have been—nay, was—two weeks ago!

In two days the story of my lure, of the enormous increase in my desirability at dinners and parties,

“KNOWLEDGE IS POWER”

had been bruited about. Little remains to be told. Invitations are more numerous than I can accept, and how they will be to-morrow, when I shall have mastered VOL. II. ARMFELT-BIGELOW, it makes me dizzy to imagine. For no longer do I sit silent and unutterably bored, to quote again the advertisement.

I don't.

How to Begin

Some reporters, jockeying for a start, have to write "Now is the time for all good men" on their machines before they can think of how to begin their stories. For years a prominent author couldn't write a line of her own until she had transcribed a page or two of Richard Harding Davis's "Van Bibber." An office-mate, and one over whose shoulder we often are privileged to peer, writes determinedly at the top of the sheet "It Seems to Me. By Heywood Broun" before he permits one word to lead to another. What we should like to see is an original manuscript—not as prepared for the printer—of "Kubla Khan," or of "Lucy."

Possibly Wordsworth began, blithely enough for all the poem's cemeterial content, like this:

ELSIE GREEN

LUCY GREEN

LUCY GRAY

LUCY

She lived among the unwalked ways.

HOW TO BEGIN

dwelt

She dwelt among the unwalked

She dwelt among the untrodden ways

Beside the springs of (rhyme for love)

A girl whom there

A maid whom there were none to praise

And very few to love.

(Fill in to-morrow.)

But she is buried now and oh

But she is in her grave, and, oh

The difference to me.

Service

The druggists say that the percentage they now receive from the telephone company does not pay for the space occupied by the booths and the time of the clerks in making change for telephone users.—*The Times*.

The comfort of the customer, and Service are our aim;

We love to please the public (if it ain't a losing game);
For courtesy's our motto and politeness is our goal;
We want the public's confidence in the Store that
Has a Soul.

Oh, honesty and chivalry express our sentiment—
Provided they will pay us never less than 12%.

We love to please the public, and there isn't any
phrase

We won't assemble gladly if we're certain that it
pays.

Valentines

The lily's red,
The rose is blue;
And you'll admit
That's something new.

* * *

If you will be my valentine,
That would be simply dandy;
And I hope you'll take this verse of mine
In lieu of costly candy.

* * *

Persons of the opposite sex,
If you think this matin song
Tells you of my multiplex
Love, you are not far from wrong.
And correct you may be, too,
If you think it's not for you.

“Smile, Slumber”

“It is my ability to enjoy humor that has prolonged my life. Most indigestion and insomnia come from the inability to enjoy humor.”—MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, on his ninetieth birthday.

Oft in the not too stilly night,
As on my wakeful couch I toss,
I think about what I shall write,
And who had shot the albatross.

I think about the Dawes report;
My mind lets go a thousand things:
I see a reeling tennis court;
I see a prancing pair of kings.

I listen to the doleful chime
That tells me it is 3 o'clock.
I fret about the wave of crime;
I mourn about my sinking stock.

“SMILE, SLUMBER”

Remote from gay mine errant mind;
Replete my lonely heart with ache.
I grow less fond of humankind,
And sob, “Why must I lie awake?”

But looms a hope across my view:
No more shall I the world beweeep,
Like Mr. Chauncey M. Depew,
To-night I'll laugh myself to sleep.

If the Copyreader Had His Way

(“Lucy”)

LAKE BARD'S PAL, INCOG, ENDS ALL

**Young Woman, Friend of Famed Poet,
Takes Own Life**

GRASMERE, June 4.—Mystery surrounds the demise here to-day of a beautiful young woman, alleged to be a close friend of William K. Wordsworth, a poet, of No. 2118½ West Commercial Street.

“She was a Dove Springs girl,” said Wordsworth this morning, in a statement given out at his lake villa, Kamp Kumfort. “She was not well known, and gained scant praise during her life. As far as is known she had few lovers.”

He added that her interment made a difference to him.

To the Yearners

Do you feel the call of the sudden Spring?

Do you long for the Open Road?

Do you crave to fly with an eager wing

To a beautiful antipode?

Do you long for the waves and the Open Sea,

And yearn for the Varying Shore?

Do you burn to be free, be free, be free

Where your soul may soar and soar?

Do you ache for the Land of a Fairer Day?

Are you sick of the Beaten Track?

Do you hark to the call of the Far Away?

Well, don't let me keep you back.

Insincere Yearnings

Had I the mind of Milton,
Or had I Shelley's flair,
These rhymes would not be built on
Air.

Had I the heart of Byron,
Or the art of Ezra Pound,
This verse would not be iron-
Bound.

Fain would I be as highly
Endowed as some who sing;
To write a Field or Riley
Thing!

For, O my love, I'd pick you
The ingredients of the great,
That I might be articu-
Late.

INSINCERE YEARNINGS

Yet though than Wilde less witty,
Less humorous than Hood,
I guess this stuff is pretty
Good.

If They Had Written It

SWINBURNE

O dearth that is dead as desire!
O famine more frantic than fain!
O love that is frigid as fire!
And hate that is pleasant as pain!
Let the Swiss and the Serb and the Slav know,
To the Celt and the Cossack convey
The fatuous fact that we have no
Bananas to-day.

A. E. HOUSMAN

The cherry trees are laden
With berries ruby red,
And many a rose-lipped maiden
Lies in a lonely bed.

Of peaches there be plenty,
And apples acrid-sweet,
And many a lad of twenty
Straggles a starless street.

IF THEY HAD WRITTEN IT

The grapes are big and bursting,
But plantains fair and gay,
For which the world is thirsting,
Are not for us to-day.

If—

*If Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay had written Mr. Longfellow's
"The Rainy Day."*

The day is dark and dreary;
Denuded is the tree;
The wind is never weary—
But oh, you are of me!

I ponder on the present;
You muse upon the past.
And love is only pleasant
Because it cannot last.

Still, heart! and cease your aching;
The world is rich in rhymes,
And hearts can stand a breaking
About a billion times.

If Mr. H. W. Longfellow had written Miss Millay's

"My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light."

Between the dark and the daylight
My bayberry candle burns;

IF—

It shines from out my window
For the traveler who returns.

It shines with a holy radiance,
And a sacred light it sends;
It flames with a pure candescence,
And it burns at both its ends.

Not with a blaze consuming;
Not with a blistering flame;
Not with a flagrant passion
Or a heat I dare not name.

But to blaze the path of friendship
Its flame my candle lends,
For its light is the light eternal
That burns at both its ends.

Mr. Irving Berlin Rewrites "Paradise Lost"

*"With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change,—all please alike."*

—MILTON.

Honey, when I talk to you, O gee whiz!
I don't ever know what time it is;
I don't know if it's night or day;
I don't know if it's March or May;
I can't remember
If it's December;
I don't know if it's twelve or nine;
I don't care if it's rain or shine.
But when you go away from me,
I'm just as low as I can be.
And I weep because my sweetie I did lose
'Cause I got those Paradise Blues.

CHORUS

The stars would glisten to me
When you would listen to me,

REWRITES "PARADISE LOST"

Dear.
The sky was bluer
The days when you were
Here.
And every minute
That had you in it
Was gay.
Now I'm magenta
Because you went a-
Way.
(Sweet mamma!)
I never married;
Life is dry and arid,
For I got the Paradise Blues!

"The Sidewalks of New York"

*If, as Mr. Robert L. Duffus in the Globe suggests, it had been
written as a sonnet*

As sank the sun of summer afternoon
In vespertine effulgence far away,
Marking the ending of another day—
Another perfect day of jocund June,
The Etruscan's barrel-organ played a tune
While youths and maidens, sempiternal, gay,
The light fantastic tripped; and I would sway
With Mamie in a riotous rigadoon.

East side and west, and all around the town
The children sang their "Ring-Around-a-Rose"
And chanted "London Bridge Is Falling Down."
But oh the grace of her! the twinkling toes
Of her my love! of her my Mamie Rorke
With me upon the sidewalks of New York!

“The Blue and the Gray”

If its Author Had Been Austin Dobson

A mother's gift is here enscrolled,
A song unsung, a tale untold.
Entwine for her a wreath of bay,
And weep for her that had to pay
A sacrifice supreme, threefold.

Her sons were worth their weight in gold.
She gave them, free and noble-souled,
As tribute to her U. S. A.—
A mother's gift.

At Appomattox one is cold;
One sleeps in Chickamauga mould.
Both wore their uniforms of gray.
And oh, the third was laid away
In Santiago. . . . Here behold
A mother's gift.

Lullaby

Why do you lie awake so long
Slumberless, open-eyed,
Singing a silly, futile song,
Tossing from side to side?

Do you yearn for the touch of a Vanished Hand,
As you toss on a restless bed?
Do you wish for things you understand?
Do you wish that you were dead?

No, none of these things keeps me awake
For many an aching hour;
I cannot sleep until I make
Some verse for The Conning Tower.

And deep I drank of Lethe's cup
And I said "When Apollo shines
On the morrow morn I will get right up
And write about sixteen lines."

If Such There Be, Go Mark It Well

I can recall that I have seen
A play without "What do you mean?"
But never in this or another town
Without the line, "Won't you . . . sit down?"

Tact in Entertaining

In literalness, as those who have made a study of me know, I am a Casabianca under whose charred remains a dozen decks might burn. I am like George Ade's Ernest, who had been Kicked in the Head by a Mule when Young and Believed Everything he Read in the Sunday Papers. I believe what I read in the dailies, too.

"The ancient theory," wrote Julia Hoyt in the *Evening World*, "that if a guest upsets a cup of coffee or a glass of wine on the table-cloth the perfect hostess will follow suit is, of course, slightly extravagant and such a procedure is decidedly unnecessary. But the idea in back of it is an admirable one—that at all costs the guest must be placed at ease. So, if the pie is burnt or the meat cooked to a crisp, do not force your guests into the false position of extolling the ruined food, but make a joke of it yourself or do not notice it at all."

The day I read Mrs. Hoyt's evening article—

TACT IN ENTERTAINING

Julia's Night Piece, one might call it—we had, by rare good fortune, dinner guests.

They arrived ten minutes late. "Sorry," said Selina, for that was not her name, "to be late." I could see she actually was sorry, so I knew the hostly thing to do was to fall in with her mood.

"You ought to be sorry," I said. "There isn't any excuse for it. You knew you were to be here at seven-thirty, and you probably haven't had a thing to do since three. Besides——"

At this point my wife, a hostess in herself, suggested that maybe somebody would like a cocktail. "I don't care one way or another," said Freddie.

Well, I could sense that he really didn't want anything, so I decided to put him at his ease. "Let's not have any," I said. "Our stock is way down." So we went into the dining room. First we had some fruit. I noticed that there were no soup spoons at our places. I thought our guests observed it, too, and that a wave of chagrin and disappointment passed over them. "Hell," said I to my wife, kindly, "why couldn't we have had soup instead of this junk?" "Or both?" suggested Freddie. "Do you think we are made of money?" I asked him, smoothing things over.

SO MUCH VELVET

Next we had veal and lima beans. I don't like them, and I was sure our guests didn't, either. "Why don't you have this some night when I'm not home?" I asked. "I do," said my wife, ever so gently; but I knew what she meant.

The talk then went to less worldly matters. "Do you think the Army will beat the Navy?" asked Freddie. "They might," I said, "and they might not. At any rate, I shall enjoy seeing Service Men in Annual Grid Tilt as Thousands Cheer."

Next came the salad. It was too vinegary. Selina made a face. "Put her at her ease," I said to myself. With me, as my admirers know, to think is to act. "Ain't the salad dressing something terrible?" I said, merrily. "Some people like it that way," said Selina. "Name me one," I said. I had her there. "You would think," I went on, "that after all these years we could get salad dressing the way we wanted it. But it's always too sour." That isn't true, for we often have the dressing just right, but my first duty, I said to myself, was to make the guests feel comfortable.

The dessert was all right. I never tasted better prune whip in my life. I tasted it. "Oh," I said, "prune whip again." And there I did the most tactful thing of the whole evening. That's all I said

TACT IN ENTERTAINING

about it, and the guests—it takes all kinds to make a world, I thought—appeared to like it.

“Coffee?” asked my wife. I rushed in there. “Not for me,” I said. “It keeps me awake.” “Then we certainly won’t have any,” said Freddie, who, of course, didn’t want any anyway.

“Shall we go into one of the other eight rooms?” I said. As Freddie and Selina have a three-room apartment, I thought it would make them feel pretty good to realize that they didn’t have the trouble and expense of keeping up such a large establishment.

“It isn’t worth while,” said Selina. “We have tickets for the theatre, so we must be going. I knew they didn’t have, and they were just going because they thought I wanted to read, and that they would be in the way.

“That’s lucky,” I said. “I haven’t finished ‘Young Felix’ yet, and if I get right at it I can finish it by eleven. Good night.”

And so passed a perfect evening. I never can thank Mrs. Hoyt adequately.

The Not Impossible She

I've fussed and girled all over the world; I've fallen in
love in my time;
I'm the sort of bird that can speak no word, or overwhelm
'em with prose and rhyme.
I fall a while for a lip or a smile, or an eye that's
brown or blue;
Yet some time I weary of all of 'em, dearie. But I
never get tired of you.

I was fairly sure that Amelia's lure was a permanent,
changeless thrall,
And Marguerite was pretty sweet until she began to
pall.
They all look prime for a limited time, and I think
I'll be leal and true;
But before very long I find something wrong with all
of the girls but you.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE

Oh this one chatters on too many matters, and that
one Hates a Crowd;

And this one's slow, with a voice too low, and that
one's too fast and loud.

Perhaps by the time I print this rhyme I'll tell you
"Good by. I'm through."

But I will confess, as I go to press, that I'm far from
opposed to you.

To the Ladies`

Reformers would not be satisfied, no matter how women dress.—MISS HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON, to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

When lovely woman dons apparel
Voluminous, reformers say
“She looks as ugly as a barrel,
Immodest as a load of hay.”

And when she wears the thin and scanty
Habiliments, reformers cry
“She’s bold and brazen as Bacchante”;
“For shame! Alas!” and also “Fie!”

Their cries, O ladies, cease to mind.
Though zealots and reformers flout you,
The major portion of mankind
Is absolutely nuts about you.

The Advertisers' Love Anthology

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
Nor wind nor sunshine shall erase
That coat of SMITH'S ENAMEL-O.

* * * * *

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Why not all thy countenance cover
With a TINTO VEIL?
Prithee, why so pale?

* * * * *

Believe me, if all mine enduring young charms,
Which you gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to fade by this evening, pray have no alarms
While I still have my ROSY SACHET.
I should still be a peach, as I am in all truth,
For my beauty is far from a dream,
Just as long as I hold to my beauty and youth
With this grand HERCULANEUM CREAM.

Listen, Kid

Other maids have brighter eyes;
Other girls are just as wise;
Other maids have lovelier hair;
Other women are as fair.
Many maidens poets praise
Have it on you fifty ways;

But

At the moment that this poem
Goes to press, kid, I don't know 'em.

A Ballade of Farewell

Over many a merry mile,
Down many a primrose way,
On many a blessed isle,
On many a jocund day,
In many a fragrant May,
In many a fair July
Our love has bloomed—but stay—
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

The days are a rosy file,
The nights are a flaming ray;
The days are a flowery pile,
The nights are a massed bouquet.
The sum of them all is gay,
And joyous they multiply.
They are gone. Let them go. Sing hey!
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

SO MUCH VELVET

"Love, when you leave me, smile!"
Thus you were wont to pray,
"Singing a song the while."
Hark to my roundelay!
Love is a comic play,
Something to versify,
Enduring as silver spray.
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

L'ENVOI

Love, how the world's gone gray;
Love, how the world's awry!
How can I ever say
"Good-by, my lover, good-by"?

THE END

